

READ THIS STORY TODAY--THEN SEE IT IN MOVING PICTURES

YOU may see this story acted in moving pictures this afternoon or evening or any afternoon or evening within the next two weeks. Cut it out and save it. It will be shown at your neighborhood theater sooner or later. By special arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, which represents the ten foremost American film-producing companies, The Washington Herald now offers its readers the unique opportunity of reading every morning a complete story which will be released throughout the United States

in moving picture form on the same day. See the play today if you can. If you cannot, see it later. Frequent announcements will keep you posted as to where to go.

These stories, which appear only in The Herald, comprise the best of the picture plays produced in America. They are not hastily prepared outlines, but finished works of fiction, prepared in collaboration with the scenario writers weeks before the picture plays are released, and are well worth reading, whether you see the pictures or not.

DISCORD AND HARMONY.

The fevered ravings and the painful gasps for breath were over at last, and the girl's lips touched the lips of the dead. Pauline pressed the lids over the eyes of her dead mother and yielded to a grief too deep for tears and sobs. From the other end of the hall came the strains of mirthful music and the sounds of laughter and the clinking of glasses. It seemed so discordantly irrelevant that her mother should have died thus, with the sounds of noisy revelry playing on ears that had always been attuned to moans of suffering, wails of hunger and sighs of despair.

But it was over now. Pauline faced the world alone and trembling. She knew what it would be like—a mingling of music and revelry with the sobs and sighs of the famishing and the dying, just as it had been in the last few hours of her mother's life.

Heart-chilling loneliness crept over her as she sat there in the darkness beside the bed. Gradually the music and the laughter trailed off into silence. She knew that old Felix, the composer, was alone. He had been kind to her, and the tottering old man who had frittered away his life in reaching for fame and success had a warm sympathetic heart. He would understand her—and she felt it as she remained longer in that dark room with its dreadful, clammy stillness she should go mad.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured, after she had sobbed out her grief. His thin, trembling hands pressed hers. A mass of snow-white hair framed a face pinched by struggling and suffering. "I didn't know—and while those rascally young friends of mine were serenading me your mother was—Poor child!"

His tired eyes flitted over the crimson and scarlet garlands of flowers festooned about the room. "Here," beginning to rather than in his arms. "Your mother shall have them now. My friends brought them to celebrate the rendition of my first symphony at the opera house tonight. A touch of triumph shrouded through the solemnity of his voice. With a huge armful of flowers he led the way to the girl's room, and with loving hands the two heaped fragrant, life-breathing masses of roses about the dead, and it seemed as if with the coming of the flowers the shadows of death had fled.

The old composer led the girl to a chair. "Child," he said, "yesterday I was poor, unknown and despised. Tonight I am famous, admired and on the road to wealth. It was a bitter struggle, but I won. His voice quavered. "I am an old man, but I want to produce one more great work, one more symphony, before I die. I have no one to love or be loved by. It would be so much easier if I had. I wish you would let me adopt you as my daughter. Will you, child?"

Her career young girl fumbled into his trembling and withered ones. They understood each other, the old, broken man and the woman who was but a child, for each had suffered and struggled with-out hope. And her grief was less bitter now that love had illumined and warmed the dark riches of her life.

The old man worked on his next symphony with the impetuosity and ardor of a boy. If he could but live to finish it, he told Pauline, he could die happily. But in the late evening, after he had laid his manuscript aside, the two would sit before the fire in his library, and he would talk to her in a fatherly fashion about life's riddle. One evening he took her hands and looked at her with a solemn expression, but there was a twinkle in his dim eyes.

"You're in love, my child," he said, and suddenly his voice grew tender and wistful. "Yes, you are. I am getting old, but it has not escaped my eyes. It is all right, my girl—Lon Chaney is a noble young man and a gifted artist. Just the kind of man I would wish to give your heart to."

Pauline blushed, but her heart throbbled joyously. She had not been aware that the old man had seen and understood. Now she was glad that he approved of the young sculptor to whom she had given her heart.

"I only wished to warn you, child," the old man continued, "there is Forrest, the rattle-brained, good-for-nothing pot-



Defending her name Felix's last act.

boiler, who has been trying to make love to you. You are a young girl, and you must be careful. But he's just the sort of man by whom women are easily deceived. I know you will be careful. Now kiss me, child."

She kissed the old man good-night and went to her room. She had disliked for rest since the time she first met him; his wily, insinuating ways had stirred her contempt. She feared him, although she scarcely knew the reason for her fear, merely suspecting that Forrest, angered by her ill-concealed contempt, would seek to do her harm.

There was a long conference in the old composer's library one evening, and at its close it was determined that Lon should go to Europe to pursue his studies in sculpture. Felix would pay his expenses and allow for a year or two he would return to Pauline. In the meantime—

Lon also had noticed Forrest's venomous eyes and he feared him as intensely as he loathed him. Would Pauline be able to resist his blandishments? After Lon had departed Felix worked feverishly upon his new composition. Pauline surmised that he suspected what she could plainly see—that the feebleness of age was creeping into his face and that death might check the labors of the trembling hand before the work was finished. She had noticed some things else, too, which had escaped the composer's attention, and it perplexed her greatly. There had been furtive whisperings among his friends and slowly, one by one, they had deserted him. Pauline could not understand, but she was glad that the old man's absorption in his work had made him oblivious to everything else.

One evening a solemn line of men stepped diffidently into the library. They were the old friends who had deserted, the artists, the musicians and the writers. Pauline felt intuitive dread as they seated themselves about the room, and concealing herself behind a curtain she listened tremblingly.

"We thought we ought to tell you—it's only fair to you," began Nell, the symphony conductor. "Maybe you have

thought we have acted strangely of late. We didn't mean to—He fumbled awkwardly for words.

Pauline could see the old composer's white and pinched face tilted in an inquiring, puzzled way toward his callers. "To tell you what sort of woman you are harboring as your ward. You have been too much absorbed in your work to notice. I mean this woman Pauline and Lon Chaney."

The old composer stared at the speaker with rigid, ominous intensity. "I began just before Lon left for Europe," continued the speaker, avoiding the old man's gaze. "They were seen in well-remembered compromising situations. We have abundant proof. It wasn't fair to you, Felix, and we thought we ought to tell you before it was too late."

Pauline felt a wild impulse to leap at the speaker's throat, but she restrained it. The old composer's face was inscrutable and deathly pale.

"Who is your informer, if I may ask?"

DAILY SHORT STORY.

THAT OLD BLACK CROW.

By LAURENCE ALFRED CLAY.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Late in the fall Miss Annie Bertram had run down from the city to Hill View to pass a week with her uncle and aunt, and there she caught her first sight of that old black crow.

There was a cold wind blowing and snowflakes were wandering through the air. The crow sat on a limb of a dead apple tree and shivered and cawed. He was a disconsolate looking bird.

"Uncle Joe, what sort of a bird is that?" asked the girl.

"Well, up in the city you would call him an oriole, but down here we call him a crow," was the answer.

"But I thought our birds flew south as winter was coming on."

"We thought you were as well as fool-people, and the crow is one of them. They'd rather hang around here and freeze to death than fly a few hundred miles. I'll bet over a score of them would be plucked and cooked over with the cold. It's a wonder that that old fellow pulled through."

"But didn't you let him live in one of your three barns?"

"And didn't you feed him?"

"Uncle John and Aunt Mary flunked at the idea, and the aunt said:

"It's only a crow, you see."

"Supposing it is only a crow. Isn't he to be plucked when he's cold and hungry? He's got too old and weak to fly away. Uncle Joe, I never knew before that you had a mean streak about you."

"Uncle and Aunt John laughed again, and Uncle Joe drawled: 'If you were to come down here and set up a hospital for old crows you'd have your hands full of patients, but you wouldn't get any thanks from the farmers.'"

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" cried the old crow. "Do you know what he wants?"

"Of course I do. He wants fried oysters, green peas and champagne, but I'll be darned if he gets any at this house."

"Uncle Joe, I shall feed that crow all he can stuff."

"I shall fix a shelter for him!"

"Good again!"

"And if he is not fed and cared for after I am gone I shall never come down here again!"

"Oh, I guess we'll feed him right enough until that fellow shoots him."

"What fellow?"

"Dunno his name, but he's stopping down to Bentley's. Cousin, I guess. He's shot at the bird about a dozen times this last week, but hasn't touched a feather. He'll probably keep it up till he finally gets him."

"He probably won't do any such thing," was the indignant answer. "Let me catch him shooting at the crow and I'll talk to him in a way he won't soon forget. I go, sir, to do an act of mercy."

And Miss Annie headed for the pantry and broke up enough bread to satisfy the appetite of a horse and carried it out. The crow flew down to her feet and stuffed and gorged himself as he never had in his crow life before. When he could eat no more, the girl went on a tour of investigation. Under the wagon shed she found an old box, and hunting up hammer and nails she nailed the box about five feet from the ground and stuffed it with hay.

"It's for the crow, eh?" queried Uncle Joe, as he came out.

"He won't be fool enough to go into that box at night. A weasel would have him in no time. If you feed him well he'll get along all right on a limb."

That old crow had struck a soft snail and he knew it. For three days he did not go 100 feet from the house, and as a reward for the girl's care he tried to throw a few soft notes into his ravenous

he said at last in a voice terribly calm. "Allen Forrest," was the reply.

The old man sprang to his feet with surprising vigor and surveyed the group with blazing eyes. Pauline had never seen him like that, and a thrill shot through her as the old man with clenched fist faced her defamers.

"You cowards—you sneaking, miserable cowards!" he cried, and his voice throbbed with the passion of youth. "I shan't take the trouble to deny your slanders—I should only insult the young woman to whom you refer if I defended her before you. I thought you were my friends, and you have permitted a viper-like Forrest to poison your minds against a sweet, innocent girl. Now get out of my sight—all of you!"

He towered above them majestically as they slunk from the room like so many whipped curs. After the last one had departed he brought his hand to his forehead and reeled. He would have fallen had not Pauline run to his assistance.

"It was splendid of you," she cried as she led him to his room. "I can never thank you. She noticed with alarm the pallor that had crept into his face, and she again the old broken man in whom the last passion of life had flamed, flattered, and died out.

"My sympathy," he murmured. And then, in voice already choked with the husk of death, "I finished it."

His stiffening arm was wound about her protectingly, just as it had caressed her in his last moments. His mother died, and then with a last departing smile at life he died in her arms.

Toward evening the friends who had deserted him filed into the room to pay their last respects. Pauline could see plainly that they explained his behavior of the previous evening in the light of the feeble-mindedness of an old man who could no more be convinced of plain facts than she could their glances. Haughtily, flowers were massed high on the bed where the dead man lay, and it reminded her of another scene and another still face that mistled her eyes, but as she turned away she was seized by a pair of wonderfully strong and tender arms.

"Pauline, my darling wife!" cried Lon, and crushed her to him. The others gazed at him with bewildered eyes.

"Your wife—did you say your wife?" mumbled one of them.

"It's a surprise, boys," said Lon. "Just before I left for Europe Pauline and I were married. I was afraid one of you rascals would take her away from me. Why don't you congratulate me?"

But Pauline had drawn him away from the astonished group and led him into another room. It was just as well that he did not know of the suspicions and slanders. Love was sufficient for the present.

The adjoining room came strains of music, fluttering, trembling strains that finally trailed off into silence. Some one out there had tried to play a portion of the old man's music, but he had not choked emotions had smothered the tunes.

(Copyright, 1914, by Henry Barrett Chambers.)

"Harmony and Discord," first time shown in city. Today, Empress, 416 5th.

Adv.

grow half to death? Isn't it great—Isn't it grand to shoot a crow?"

"If I had known that it was a tame crow—your crow—"

"Your excuses don't go, sir," interrupted the girl as she picked up the crow and walked off.

"The devil," said the young man as he looked after her.

Royal Chadwick was known to his friends as a singular young man. He often did things contrary to human nature and to logic. He did so in this case. He took a few hours to straighten out the links and then boldly appeared at Uncle Joe's.

"It is you I came to see," he announced as Miss Annie opened the door for him.

"The crow is up in the apple tree," was the reply.

"And I hope to see him later. Will you permit me a few words?"

He was seated in the parlor, and his friends were gathered about him.

"I called to say that I was ashamed of myself."

The girl inclined her head, as if to say he ought to be.

"You are entirely right in your view and I was entirely wrong. I say was, because I have reformed."

Another inclination.

"You are indulging me about my marksmanship and defied me to shoot even a crow."

"And it transpires that you couldn't kill one!"

"I am very glad that I couldn't. As for the crow, he was much hurt."

"More scared than hurt?"

"If you return to the city will he go with you?"

"No, Mother wouldn't have him around. I shall make Uncle Joe promise to take care of him."

"I am willing to take the trouble off his hands. I am to go down home most of the winter, and I will give that bird the time of his life and bring him out fat in the spring."

"Then you—"

"Oh, I am not a brute nor a crow-killer. It's an incident that I very much regret, and I hope for forgiveness."

When a young man—when a nice young man—said that he was shot at the crow of a nice young girl, they find a common ground, even if it is a crow ground.

Royal Chadwick took charge of the bird, and most of his weekly reports read: "Your crow was never so full and happy in his life."

And most of Miss Annie's replies read: "Many thanks. Sorry I called you names that day."

The crow gave up the ghost several months ago, dying of too much of a good thing, but the weekly reports still continue.

ASQUITH GIVES FINAL ULTIMATUM TO ULSTER

Government Will Make No Further Concessions to Province, Premier Tells Unionists.

CARSON REPLIES IN RAGE

London, March 16.—The British government will make no further concessions to the Unionists of Ulster province who object to home rule. Announcement to this effect was made today in the House of Commons by Premier Asquith.

The government adheres to the proposals made last Monday," said the premier.

These proposals give the residents of the counties in Ulster province a referendum to say whether or not they shall be excluded from the operation of the home rule bill.

That the ministry believes the Unionists finally will accept the concessions already offered, was indicated by the following part of Premier Asquith's statement:

"If the proposals for the exclusion of Ulster for a limited period are accepted by the Unionists there must be adjustments of the measure, especially of those claims relative to the financial administrative sections of the proposed Irish parliament. These are now being worked out."

"We are not prepared with a cut and dried scheme at the present time to cover all the ground. The proposals are rejected by the people in the North of Ireland it will be a waste of time to discuss the ancillary and consequential points."

Asquith put the issue directly up to the opposition which he said:

"I now ask the Unionists if they are prepared to accept the principle of the proposals outlined here last Monday. We do not know whether to go any further or not."

After he had delivered his statement, the premier submitted to interpellations. He said that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland would not continue his duties over any part of the island which excluded him from home rule. Nor would the Dublin Parliament be able to impose taxes in those districts. It would be necessary to increase the amount of allowance to the Irish exchequer and other adjustments are also necessary.

The Unionists created prolonged uproar during and after the premier's speech.

Sir Edward Carson, leader of the Ulster Unionists, leaped to his feet shouting:

"Do you not recognize that the proposals are nothing but hypocritical shams?"

TERRE HAUTE MAYOR ON TRIAL

Militia Not Sent to Protect Witnesses to Corruption Charges.

Terre Haute, Ind., March 16.—Mayor Don M. Roberts went on trial today on a charge of conspiracy to corrupt elections. Attorneys for the executive presented a motion to quash the indictments as soon as the court session began. The motion was based on the statute of defense that made last week by William Huffman, who was tried on the same charge, convicted and sentenced to serve from three to ten years in State prison.

The trial began without the requested aid of State troops who were asked for by attorneys, who said that the police and county authorities did not furnish sufficient protection for witnesses.

SHAMROCK COMES TO PORT.

New York, March 16.—The steamer Colombia reached port today from Londonderry, Ireland, with the largest cargo of shamrock ever brought to this port by one ship. From stem to stern cases containing the "little bit of green" were piled as high as safely permitted and Irish reels, dice and horseracing, cash prizes were awarded in each event.

One accident occurred during the parade—a captain being thrown from his horse in a collision and slightly injured. His horse was killed.

The intellectual powers of the officers were displayed at a banquet that followed the sports in speeches, toasts and poetical selections. The division commander, Gen. John C. Caldwell, made a speech which was eloquent and patriotic. Surgeon Laurence Reynolds, poet

WIND BREAKS UP "ARMY."

Sacramento, March 16.—A strong north wind did more to solve the problem presented by "Gen." Kelley's army of the unemployed than any human agency has been able to accomplish. Camped on the levee across the Sacramento River from this city, with no protection from the wind-driven sands, the army disintegrated rapidly, and was estimated today that not more than 20 remained of the 1,500 that came to Sacramento a week ago. Hunger also had much to do with the desertions.

South Africa is buying bicycles again with considerable enthusiasm.

THE WAR DAY BY DAY
Fifty Years Ago.

March 17, 1864.—The Irish Brigade, Army of the Potomac, Celebrated St. Patrick's Day in Winter Camp, Brandy Station, Va., with Races and Field Sports, Following a Military Mass—Loyalty of the Irish Soldiers.

(Written expressly for The Herald.)

Fifty years ago today the Irish Brigade, Army of the Potomac, celebrated St. Patrick's Day at the winter camp near Brandy Station, Va., beginning the day with a military mass. Races and field sports followed the religious service. The celebration strikingly illustrated the devotion of the Irish soldiers, alike to their racial customs and to the cause of their adopted country. In their worship as in their sport they did not forget the flag for which they were fighting. It was carried to the altar and on the field of sport as reverently as it was ever carried in battle.

In the various diversions of a winter in camp the Irish Brigade had borne an important part. Indeed, when fun and frolic were not to be found in the camps of the Irish Brigade everything looked generally blue in the Army of the Potomac.

In the course of the winter many of the officers had visited from their wives. Friends and relatives came to the camp, and the festive of a harmless nature served to keep up the good spirit of the troops in the period of military inactivity.

A large hall had been built for army purposes, which, being at the disposal of the division commander, was used for

laureate of the brigade, read original verses.

During the remainder of this spring in camp the brigade enjoyed the festive hours up to their latest moment. Thus was spent a brief period of quiet by many a brave, exuberant spirit whose life was soon to go out in the bloody drama that succeeded.

Record of the Brigade.

But the men of the Irish Brigade were not daunted by the prospect of active service. They had been through the war and were tempered in its fire.

The first Irish Brigade, composed largely of recruits from New York City, originally enlisted for ninety days and went to the front, accompanied by the then well-known political exile, Capt. (afterward brigadier general) T. F. Meagher and a regiment of the Zouaves he had raised, still being under the command of Col. Michael Corcoran.

The Sixty-ninth New York Regiment of the brigade stayed on after the expiration of their term and fought at Bull Run where Col. Corcoran was taken prisoner. In August Capt. Meagher, who had distinguished himself in the battle, set himself to the task—in the absence of the original commander—to recruit not a single regiment, but a brigade, and organized three Irish regiments.

The old Sixty-ninth re-enlisted and was joined by the Eighty-eighth and Sixty-second New York Regiments, which were accepted for "three years or duration of the war." These New York regiments were subsequently added the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry, as well as Hogan's and McMahon's batteries. The brigade was ever after known as the "Irish Brigade." It was commanded by Brig. Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher until after the battle of Chancellorsville. It was in the First Division, Second Army Corps.

When fully recruited the brigade had in its ranks about 4,000 Catholics.

The brigade early distinguished itself for impetuosity, persistent fighting. It was at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, taking an honored part and losing many men.

In the winter of 1863 many of its veterans re-enlisted and spring found the brigade with its ranks nearly as full as in the beginning.

Though many a wild spirit was numbered in the Irish Brigade, the command always was noted for its strong devotion to the cause.

The six regiments had five Catholic priests as chaplains: Rev. James Dillon, C. S. C. of the Sixty-third; Rev. Thomas Connelley, S. J., of the Sixty-ninth; Rev. William H. Gladden, C. S. C. of the Eighty-eighth; Rev. Fr. McKee, of the Irish Pennsylvania, who on being taken ill was replaced by Rev. Fr. McCullam, who also resigned on account of his health.

Fr. Corby was most constantly in the brigade. The dramatic scene of his giving absolution to the army in the battle of Gettysburg has been recorded in history; but the strength, encouragement and consolation which he dispensed to thousands in confession, to hundreds in their agony, to the many relatives of soldiers who he wrote, and even on the scaffold, when his charitable effort to obtain pardon for some poor soldier had failed, are things not to be revealed. Perhaps not the least of his good works was cheering the men in the intervals of inaction.

Tomorrow—Sherman Succeeds Grant in the West.

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OPPOSES ANTI-TRUST LAWS.

New York Merchants' Association to Ask Congress to Halt.

New York, March 16.—The board of directors of the Merchants' Association of New York, with a membership of 150 leading business men, adopted resolutions at a meeting today, asking that Congress postpone all anti-trust legislation until the next session.

A special committee acting with William A. Marbury, the president will present the views of the association to Congress. This committee is composed of Henry H. Towse, president of the American Manufacturing Company, chairman; Walter H. Marshall, president American Locomotive Company; W. H. Childs, president American Coal Products Company; William H. Gladden, vice president Borden Condensed Milk Company; Charles H. Montague, and William H. Ellison.

MUST PAY \$100,000 TRIAL COSTS.

New York, March 16.—Judge Martin of the Federal District Court, today supplemented the sentence of Archie L. Wisner and John J. Meyers, found guilty of using the mails to defraud investors out of \$2,000,000 by the sale of worthless mining and oil stocks by the deciding that the defendants be required to pay the expenses of the two trials, which cost the government \$100,000.

The men were sentenced to the Federal penitentiary for terms of six years each. In the case of Meyers, who is reputed to be a millionaire, and of the firm of A. L. Wisner & Co., sentence was suspended.

BABE AS SHOPLIFTING AID.

Philadelphia, March 16.—A woman giving the name of Mrs. Josephine Snyder, 317-year-old, and her daughter, Mrs. Anna Schmidt, who carried an eighteen-month-old child, were arrested in a Market street department store today by two detectives, who accused them of shoplifting. According to the officers, the women approached a silk counter. Mrs. Schmidt, they said, held the baby in one hand, slipped the other hand under the child and pulled a skirt from the counter and then passed it to her mother, who hid it under a shawl.

Largest Morning Circulation.

Nervous Women

Are troubled with the "blues"—anxiety—sleeplessness—and warnings of pain and distress are sent by the nerves like flying messengers throughout body and limbs. Such feeling may or may not be accompanied by headache or vertigo or dizziness or any of the symptoms of nervousness. If there is any, should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Little Blue Pills. Then the nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

Take this in liquid or tablet form and be a well woman!

Mrs. Eva Tyler of So. Geneva, N. Y., says, "I have been in a run-down condition for several years. Suffered from nervousness and a great deal of pain at certain periods. Have taken several different medicines but have not found any relief. Your 'Favorite Prescription' has given me the most relief of any I have ever tried. Am very much better than I have been in some time. I fully recommend this remedy to all women in need of a tonic."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels

In Girlhood Womanhood Motherhood

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